

LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER



We respectfully dedicate this issue
of the Register to
Patrick Thomas Campbell

VOL. LVI

MARCH, 1937

No. 4

H. A. BEDFORDMAN '33

Warren Kay Vantine Studios



OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR
CLASS OF 1937



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LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE UNDERGRADUATE BODY OF THE
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VOL. LVI. No. 4

MARCH

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PATRICK THOMAS CAMPBELL

— Headmaster, 1920 - 1929 —

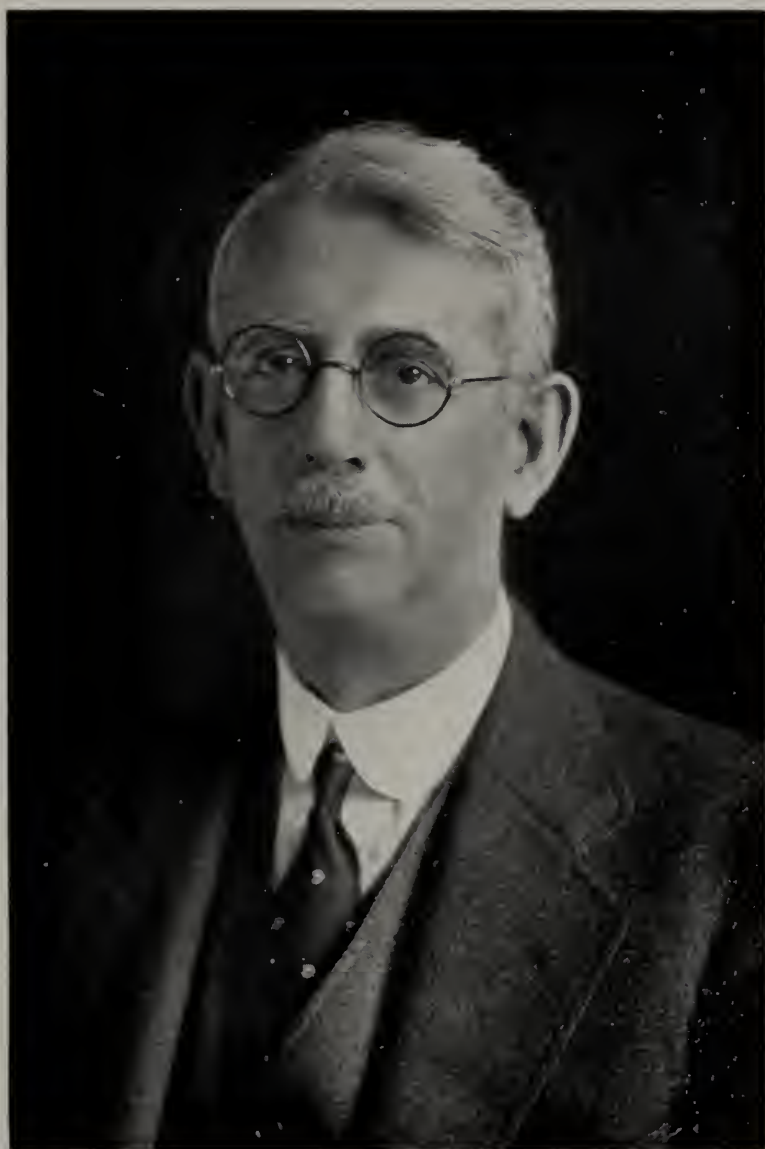
The sad news of Mr. Campbell's death came to us on Lincoln's birthday, a fact which impressed upon many of us the striking resemblance which he bore, in many particulars, to the Great Emancipator.

Mr. Campbell's early years were years of hardship. His mother had to work to support the home, and her son worked by her side after school hours. His education was obtained only through great sacrifices on the part of both. In spite of this—or perhaps because of it—he finally emerged as a great educational leader.

Even his physical build, Mr. Campbell resembled Lincoln. But the notable likeness lay in those qualities of mind and heart which made both men great: the keenness of mind and the breadth of vision, the warm kindliness and sympathy, the rich humor, the unfailing sense of justice, the willingness to be a sacrifice to duty.

Whether we think of Mr. Campbell as Headmaster or as Superintendent, he stands out from all others.

We shall not look upon his like again.



In Memoriam

Twice in a very short space of time has our Alma Mater lost a favored son. This time we lose a man about whom has been woven the finest memories. As pupil, teacher, and headmaster, he was loved by one and all. Now that he is gone he is revered.

Many of our teachers were pupils of Mr. Campbell's, and it speaks volumes for the man that they can never forget him. They tell of his kindness, ability, and generosity. Somehow, he affected very powerfully all who met him. A great loss has been suffered by the Latin School; one which can never be repaired.



Latin School Association—Gift of A. L. Faxon

Mr. Campbell as he appeared upon his graduation from the
Latin School in 1889.

DR. PATRICK T. CAMPBELL

Patrick D. Campbell was born in Jersey City in 1871, and while still an infant, his mother took him to East Boston, where he attended the Adams Grammar School, from which he graduated in 1886. He entered Latin School, and while here, he helped support his widowed mother by working as a janitor. He graduated from The Latin School in 1889 and entered Harvard. After having worked his way through that institution, he was graduated, a member of *Phi Beta Kappa*, "magna cum laude" in 1893.

After a short time, during which he taught Latin and Greek at Medford High School, he re-entered the Latin School, this time as a Junior Master, and for twenty-three years he served in that capacity. At first, he taught the classics, but soon he transferred to history; and for years he was a very popular teacher.

In 1920, he succeeded Mr. Pennypacker as Headmaster of the school and for nine years he performed his duties with superlative ability. Loved by all who met him, Mr. Campbell became one of the most popular figures in public life. In 1929, he was made Assistant Superintendent of Schools, and two years later he was advanced to the position of Superintendent when Dr. Burke passed away.

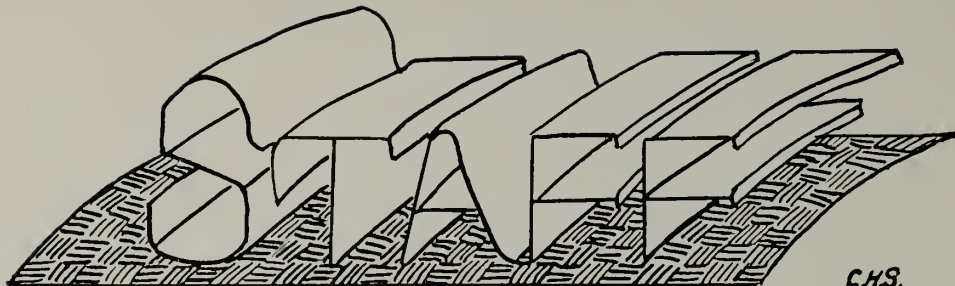
Mr. Campbell had a striking personality, tall, thin, gray-haired with a small gray mustache, his face was a picture of kindness and gentleness. He was a keen student of human nature, and he was especially keen regarding boys and their ways. Very few men can know and appreciate more fully the problems, interests, and ambitions of young men. It was this faculty that made Patrick Campbell so well liked.

The present superintendent will find that he has a task before him in filling Mr. Campbell's shoes, for he knew education as few other men do. Harvard planned to make him an overseer. He was considered for the post of Commissioner of Education in Massachusetts. Throughout Greater Boston he spoke at conventions and gatherings. He enjoyed his days as teacher and supported very sincerely the system of education used here at the Latin School. He leaves behind him an enviable record as executive and administrator, and the Boston school system will ever be indebted to him.

Very few men have received so many sincere and beautiful tributes upon their death, as did Mr. Campbell. Prominent citizens, famous educators, dear friends, and high government officials—one and all spoke in commendation of his ideals, successes, ability, and kindness of heart. All who met him were anxious to show a sympathetic public just how worthy of praise Mr. Campbell was. All the praise was merited, and all of it could but begin the story of his greatness.

Perhaps the finest testimonials received were those of his former colleagues and pupils. To them he was "Pat" just as he addressed each one of them by some familiar nickname. After reading their estimates of the man, one can not but feel he must indeed have been a person worth knowing and knowing well.

—F. A. Regan, '37.



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THE DOCTOR SAYS

An ambitious reporter from the *Register* obtained an interview with a prominent Roentgenologist. The great specialist received the lad graciously and put him at ease. After a few trite questions, the doctor asked the youth why he had been chosen for an interview. Said the doctor; "I fail to see why my opinions should be of interest to the student body of the Boston Public Latin School. I have never had any connection with that school, and I don't think that many of the students are especially interested in my work—X-ray."

To this the young reporter answered, "You see it's like this, you have peered into the bodies of young people; you have seen many injuries; you have noted the effect of various blows and shocks. When the results of your experiences are viewed from the standpoint of athletics, your opinions are interesting to all of us, especially so because we at Boston Latin School are trying to promote safety-first, last, and always. Naturally athletics comes under our consideration."

"Well," began the doctor, "the injuries received during participation in athletics are many and various. As far as the layman is concerned, the methods of prevention are more important than the injuries themselves. Many of these can be prevented, although, now and then, I see some odd ones, for which there is no cure other than total abstinence from that sport. You fellows of today are lucky. In my days there was practically none of the elaborate, protective equipment which is available to you. Would you prefer that I consider the sports from the injury angle or the injuries as they are caused by each sport?"

The reporter replied: "I think it be clearer if you would consider one sport at a time."

"Take football, for instance," began the doctor; "that is considered a dangerous sport. However, the player is protected almost completely. His helmet and perhaps a noseguard protect his head. Shoulderguards protect his shoulders. His ribs are encased in rib pads; his hips, in hip pads. His pants contain protection for the lance and thigh. The ankles are usually taped or tightly wrapped in cloth strips. This tends to prevent sprains. The weakest joint in this armor is the neck. Correct carriage of the head prevents most neck injuries, but now and then a freak accident occurs. The knees are two other weak spots. Padding prevents fractured knee caps, but not sprains. An aid for use after a sprain is the lastex type knee bandage which furnishes the needed additional support. Of course, all players should wear 'tin' cup athletic supporters."

The reporter asked: "What about the sandlot and pre-highschool player?"

"Well," said the doctor, "from that group comes the greatest percentage of accidents. Each one should provide for himself at least the base essentials of equipment: a helmet, shoulderguards, a 'tin' cup supporter, and pants, if possible. This type of football is at best a risky game."

"How about baseball?" asked your correspondent.

"That," continued the specialist, "is a little different. Absence of bodily contact except occasionally makes baseball a much safer sport. The fast men should wear sliding pads if they intend to steal bases. The catcher, and, incidentally, the umpire are the only ones who need special protection. This is amply provided by shinguards, padded chest protectors, and metal masks. The greatest

danger occurs in sliding into a base. Correct technique overcomes most of this menace. Of course, all players should wear athletic supporters of the lastex type."

"How about fast traveling pitches and hits?" asked the youth.

The doctor answered: "Reflex action by the brain and muscles enables the fielder to present his glove to the ball or the batter to dodge the wild pitch in all but rare cases."

By this time the doctor had warmed up to the conversation and needed no leading.

"Hockey," he continued, "is fast becoming the roughest sport. There is always danger from hard ice, flashing skate blades, high-swung sticks, and immovable sideboards. The professional player wears ankle supporters, shinguards, a 'tin' cup athletic supporter, rib pads, shoulderguards, a tight, ventilated helmet, bulky gloves, and elbow pads. The goalie wears so much equipment that he is sometimes described as a pair of vigilant eyes glaring from behind a bulwark of pads, gloves, and hockey sticks. For ordinary players the headguards, ankle supporters, rib pads, and shoulderguards can sometimes be omitted."

Continuing, he said: "Basketball and track can be summed up in two sentences. Both require lastex type athletic supporters. Basketball often requires the use of kneepads."

"To finish up," went on the reporter, "what is your opinion of all these protective bandages as a whole?"

The doctor replied: "You must realize that all these safety devices are not fool-proof. There is always some unusual injury occurring which cannot be prevented. The best insurance against injury is the use of the required equipment. A good way to take care of this is to play the rougher sports only under expert supervision, such as is found in high schools, colleges, and certain athletic clubs. Naturally a player who is well-trained and is in good physical condition is less likely to be hurt than one who wears the same equipment, but is untrained and in poor condition. Another preventive measure is not to play when extremely fatigued. The reflexes slow down and leave you wide open. My advice is to play only when protected."

—Joseph G. Gavin, '37.

FIVE DOWN—THREE TO GO

We round the turn and come very speedily into the "stretch." Over half the year has passed. Half our chances of making the year memorable exist no more. It is our duty to make the last half count. A little extra work, and we are "over the top," with a successful promotion, marks to be proud of, honors in the "Boards," and we can rest for two months with a clear and happy mind.

As we start school every year, most of us resolve to do better; that is human nature. However, it is also human nature to let the opportunity slip through our fingers. We are likely to forget our good resolutions and let studies slide. In some cases we even slip so far as to endanger our chances of advancing with our class. It is for those, in particular, who find themselves in this predicament, that this short editorial is written. Buckle down. A little real effort and the barrier is passed. Remember, "*Tempus fugit*."

—F. A. Regan, '37.

Re "H. M. S. PINAFORE"

On the night of April 9, the Latin School Glee Club will present in the school auditorium, at eight o'clock, Gilbert and Sullivan's "H. M. S. Pinafore," or "The Lass That Loved a Sailor." To those who are familiar with the lively music of "Pinafore," the hateful sneer of "Dick" Deadeye, the pompous swell of Sir Joseph Porter, and the problems of dutiful Josephine and handsome Ralph Rackstraw, this will come as welcome news. To those of you who are as yet unacquainted with the delightful works of Gilbert and Sullivan, this is a twofold opportunity: first, of being introduced to music with which every cultured person is familiar; secondly, of supporting a school organization which is deserving of your support.

The Glee Club is a comparatively young organization. Last year, for the first time, it presented Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado." The performance itself was excellent. Those who saw it went away with words of highest praise. One thing, and one alone prevented it from being an unqualified success; very few boys from the Latin School were present. In short, the school did not support it.

We feel certain that such will not be the case this year. The cast and chorus have worked hard. The performance itself promises to surpass that of last year. We know that you will leave humming the melodious tunes and commenting upon the excellence of the performance. Therefore, set aside the night of April 9; tell your family and friends about "Pinafore"; pitch in and make this a real success. The Glee Club will do its part; you do yours!

ATTENTION, PLEASE!

This editorial is a reminder and an appeal. Among the successful business and professional men located in Boston are many Alumni of the Latin School, and it is toward these men that this article is directed.

In the school there are many boys who either need or could use to advantage some outside help. Times are not yet as good as they could be wished for. Many boys who are now receiving N. Y. A. aid and also a goodly number of others who have not applied for this aid would welcome a chance to obtain part-time employment. Also, many business men will be taking on some summer help, and again many deserving and needy Latin School student could and would be very glad to fill such positions. We write this article in hopes that some business men may remember the Latin School when they are hiring young men and help some boy to help himself.

Naturally, the *Register* reaches comparatively few men in a position to do any such hiring, so we are asking each pupil of the school to make a sincere effort to see that this article is brought to the attention of some alumnus who might help. The Headmaster will be very glad to recommend boys for part-time or summer work. *Gentlemen, "Remember The Latin School."*

—F. A. Regan, '37.

"FOUR MEN—AND A BIRD"

Four men were huddled together in a small, damp clearing of a wood. On every side the trees rose darkly, stretching their long, lean fingers upward to find the light. In the black gloom below, the men lay, weary, sleeping fitfully. The only sound in that vast expanse was a hollow booming reverberation, the echo of the roar of distant cannon.

Gray clouds rose above the woods, and hovered there slowly, ominously. The trees were of a squat, thickstemmed species, stretching darkly across the swampy lowland; long twisting vines with phantom gripping fingers that circled silently among the branches. The forest was shunned by the natives of the land around, and many called the desolate wood "The Wilderness".

The swelling clouds still rose, but fled in swiftly flying columns before the chill morning breeze. The sun, too, was climbing slowly the long arch of the sky, and spread its cheerful light and warmth over the awakening earth.

The four men could see nothing of this, nothing but blackness, nothing but a gloomy stifling forest. Their blue uniforms—scarcely blue, it is true, for a yellow adhesive mud covered them—were torn to shreds, and gave no protection from the chill damp of the wood.

Of the four, one could easily be discerned by the white bandage on his head. The bandage was a cumbrous affair, huge and ungainly, which had been hastily applied in the rush and confusion of battle. At his side an old man sat and nursed him, whispering at times encouraging words. On the other side of the clearing a young lad, to whom blood and suffering were a nauseating sight, looked on fearfully, and shivered apprehensively when a slight rustle, or a sudden murmur in the tree, was heard. The fourth, scarcely to be distinguished on the dark ground, was a large bulky

man, lying quietly, without stirring, on his back. Leaning against the boles of the trees were several muskets, which were within handy reach and ready for instant use.

The red ball of the sun was shining with increasing strength and brilliance now, arousing the men from their dull stupor. The air above the wood was clear and sparkling with light. But below, as if under the spell of a hostile wood gnome, the gloom still prevailed.

The sound of a great thrashing and shouting in the forest suddenly startled them, several shots rang out, and were answered by an increasing roar of muskets. Splintered branches fell in crashing heaps to the ground. Wild bullets whined softly as they rushed past and struck the trees, or fell, at the end of their flight, with soft sighs into the mud.

The four men, taut and alert, listened. What thoughts, flashing like wild lightning, must have seized their minds, as they listened to the sounds of furious battle and felt a certain something stir in their veins, that made them curse their helplessness, that made their eyes blaze, that made the old man finally burst out into fierce words. But the din of battle drowned out his voice in a roaring crescendo.

"Give it to them . . . quick, behind this tree . . . shoot high for the big one . . . to the left, quick, . . . open up, you there . . . come on, you yellow . . . coward, fight or . . . follow me!" The others listened silently.

A strange, pleasant sound came drifting down. Softly, at first; then, in a sudden rush of power, the beautiful morning song of a small blue bird floated down to their ears. Perched on its tiny nest, the lovely creature slowly spun the intricate web that makes the Song of the Golden Sun. The happy trills and light vibrations that danced from its throbbing

throat changed to low thrilling warbles. Never had the men, whose ears were attuned to the harsh clamor of battle, heard the like of it.

"What a brave bird, to sing like that while a battle is going on and all those bullets flying around! Do you see the bullet holes near the nest? Look how near they came! And look at all the torn leaves around him!" The lad had risen as he spoke and gazed now at the tiny creature, swaying on its branch.

The old man suddenly started up, his features flushed and inspired. As he spoke, his voice trembled with excitement. He pointed at the bird.

"Boys, does that bird remind you o' someone? It does me. It reminds me o' Abe Lincoln, . . . yessir, old Abe himself!" He stopped and peered about him to see the effect of his words.

"Abe Lincoln, says I? Yes! There's the bird sitting on his nest; but the nest is the White House, do you see, an' the branch thet it's on, is the Union. The Union, still strong and powerful!

"So there's old Abe in the White House supported by the Union. But them bullet holes is battles—each bullet is some fight thet a'most knocked the branch, the Union, down. This is Bull Run, this deep bullet here. This is Fredricksburg, an' here's Gettysburg. All o' them cut deep, all o' them came mighty close—but the branch is still there! An' Lincoln—like the little bird—he can't be scared away!"

The others stared silently. They had forgotten the furious battle being waged about them. They were watching a little bird, and were wondering. Finally, however, the bandaged man stirred, and, as he haltingly spoke, his white lips trembled feverishly.

"How's that, Fred—did you say that

Abe Lincoln was here? Really Abe Lincoln, himself? Let me see him, touch him—let me talk to him! I must see him—he'll understand. He knows what it is to suffer, he knows what it is to feel helpless and weak! There's no finer man—no man suffering more—no man more sympathetic—than he. I'd like to talk to him before I—may die! You know, I feel as if he *were* here . . . there," and his hand swung upward towards the bird.

As suddenly as it had began, the roar of guns died away to a whisper. Occasionally, a hoarse shout would echo in the vacuum, which seemed to envelop the forest after the cessation of firing. The stamp and noise of approaching men became audible, and dark figures took shape in the gloom, weird phantom figures covered with burnt acrid gun powder. The blue uniforms announced the presence of Union troops. Aid had finally come!

The leader, a young spry officer, flashed an encouraging smile down on them, as he gave quick orders for their removal. Strong arms carefully raised the four and placed them on comfortable stretchers. However, as they were about to depart, the bandaged man painfully raised himself and turned his head towards the swaying tops of the trees.

"Goodbye, goodbye, Abe Lincoln," he whispered. "I don't mind my wounds, when I know how much greater yours are. It's worth it—and, and I'm glad! Goodbye, old Abe!"

And from high above, perched happily on his swinging branch, the tiny feathered creature bade farewell to the soldiers with a powerful burst of song. A satisfied smile rested on the wounded man's face. He felt a strange soothing peace as he lay back on the retreating stretcher.

—W. Land, '37.

JIM HOWARD

For years "Jim" Howard had wondered what he would do in a case like this. He had dreamed of putting up a fight, of overcoming the men and of so becoming a hero. Now it had happened and he had done nothing.

"Jim" Howard was a clerk in a large bank. He wasn't a talkative man, made few friends, and lived alone. He never had the nerve, or courage, to ask for a raise. He had one ambition, and only one ambition. That was to save the bank from being robbed at the risk of his own life. "Jim" was always dreaming of the way the boss would congratulate him, and give him a raise.

For years he waited for his chance. Almost daily he would read of a new and daring bank robbery having been committed near and about his town, but never in "Jim's" bank. And he had had many years to wonder what he would do when the occasion arrived. Oh, yes; he had planned, but the plans never seemed any good somehow. So finally, he decided he would just act on the spur of the moment.

At last the day for which he had waited so patiently came. It was on a Tuesday at the bank's closing time. "Jim" was rechecking his slips of the day, preparing to go home. When, all of a sudden he heard a rough, menacing voice commanding him to stop.

Then they marched in, four men each one tougher than the other. They commanded "Jim" and the others in the bank to put their hands up.

"Jim" felt his heart pounding. He felt that this was his chance. He knew that it was his chance to jump out of his obscurity and into life. But he hesitated. He was afraid. Yes, that was it. He was afraid of death.

"Jim" felt his heart pounding. His brain kept asking, "Now what shall I do?"

He wanted to live, oh so very much. He also wanted to do more than just live. Of what good is living if nobody knows that you are alive?

But even life as it was, "Jim" decided, was better than no life at all. And he let the four men rob the bank.

The next day the boss sent for "Jim" Howard. "Jim" thought that he was going to be fired because he had willingly backed up out of the way of the robbers.

But instead the boss greeted "Jim" in a very cordial and gay manner, and asked him to smoke one of his cigars, a favor which he did not extend to everyone.

"Come, come," said the boss. "Don't sit so meekly. You're the hero of the town. The whole town is wild about the way you backed up so nonchalantly and stepped on the burglar alarm while the bandits threatened you with their guns. Now, now, son, don't attempt to deny it. That would be false modesty. Miss Mathilda saw the whole thing, and to show my appreciation, you get a better position and a considerable raise in pay."

—*Earl Wedrow*, '41.

FLOOD

A crash. He looked up and saw a wall of jagged water pour over the top of the dam. Even as he watched, the dam cracked down the middle and slowly fell; like a drunken man, it crumbled. Swiftly he ran to the other room and picked up the phone.

"Get me Pittsburg, operator. You've got to get a call through to Pittsburg."

That water was a half mile away, but it was moving towards him swiftly. He saw the small house where he boarded carried away—lifted and spun crazily as though it was balanced halfway up a

wall. His mind seemed to think as though it was separated from his body. What had happened to the old farmer and his wife? Probably killed.

"Operator!" His voice took on a note of hysteria. "This is Johnstown calling. The dam just gave way. Get Pittsburgh and tell them that they've got to get emergency supplies here in a hurry. This is Forest Ranger Hill talking from Lookout Tower Five."

The receiver slammed down. He ran to the ladder and climbed out. Black waves of vertigo overtook him for some reason that he could not fathom. There was a rumbling in his ears. He had to get down before that water hit him. He descended the rungs so familiar to him, yet was afraid of the next step. What if he died? No, he wouldn't die. The thought comforted him. He would get Jerry, the service horse and get away before the flood reached them. . . Jerry could outrun any flood. . . Sure he could. . . He had to.

He was halfway down the ladder now. The roaring in his ears increased. What was it? He shook his head and looked up. A shock passed through his brain; then he felt strangely calm. The water was almost on top of him. He could see the houses and barns torn up by their foundations whirled along on top of the maelstrom. He calculated just about where the water would strike him. . . Just about where that piano was dancing so crazily on the waves. . . Wonder what Mom and Dad will do when I'm gone. . . Probably go to Brother Jack's. His mind was becoming hazy, refusing to function in the din. Funny way to think when Jack. . .

Item from the Pittsburgh newspapers three days later: "Among those missing is a United States Forest Ranger, believed to be the one who phoned in the news of the flood from the destroyed Lookout Station Five. His name is Edward Hill."

— Edward L. Schnaper, '37.

AN INTERVIEW WITH A GRADUATE

In a cool, spacious room, one of the many in the gold-domed State House atop Beacon Hill, the distinguished Attorney-General of Massachusetts, Paul A. Dever, graduate of Boston Latin School, in plain direct English revealed why so many youths sought Boston Latin for their school. "Go to Latin; they teach you to work for what you want." This straight speech, characteristic of a man in a position of high honor and trust, showed why so many men and boys—their caliber not unlike that of this public servant—sought out Latin School, my school and your school, for their education.

Attorney-General Dever was "tops" in the Massachusetts political machine that day, January 21, for Governor Hurley was in Washington and Lt.-Governor Kelley was ill. This seemed a fit spot

for a man who had made a long, arduous climb up the ladder of fame, ascending it rung by rung, until he shares the political spotlight of Massachusetts with a few. This stalwart American did not find the honorable office of Attorney-General a gift, for he was not a baby with a silver-spoon birth but something far more valuable, a clear, level head and an unbiased sense of justice.

It seems Mr. Dever's history is star-studded, for in the third class at Latin School he coupled his ability with natural initiative and hard work and won the Classical award. Instead of crowing at this achievement, he simply said, "I don't know how I did it," and later in life these identical words repeated themselves when he was informed he had been elected Attorney-General of Massachusetts.

After stating, "Declamation is a fine thing," the Attorney-General revealed the humorous side to his nature when he said, "It made an orator out of me and gave me a chance to tell the people what a fine fellow I am." This sally drew a laugh from his interviewer and others present in his spacious office. While on the topic, it seemed appropriate for Mr. Dever to give his favorite passage in Declamation, and it was none other than the oft-repeated words, "Water, water, everywhere and not a drop to drink," from the *Ancient Mariner*.

Mr. Dever, while in Latin School, carried the yoke of his studies under the supervision of Mr. Shaughnessy, Mr. French, and Mr. Gardner, who was affectionately called "Gussie" (My apologies to you, Sir). It seems the latter's favorite expression was "Put your feet on the ground and give your mind a rest," a keen bit of advice.

Attorney-General Dever's story of success is a story of a very long and arduous climb over obstacle and barrier till he reached the summit. After graduation from Latin School, Mr. Dever obtained a position as a shoe-salesman, but perceiving no advancement in that line, he secured an accountant's position. Naturally industrious, the present Attorney-General jumped at the chance to attend Northeastern Law School, which is a night school. Dissatisfied with his position, Mr. Dever then took the job of hotel clerk. His next position was as a worker in the tube room of the Hood Rubber Company, laboring through the night from 11:00 P.M. to 7:00 A.M. because he learned that day school was best. He graduated three years later.

As regarding his college life the Attorney-General's words were, "I entered Boston University in 1923. I was the Editor of the Law Review, and in 1926 I had the good fortune to graduate 'cum laude' a full-fledged Attorney-at-Law."

His political life was much like his private—a hard, slow but sure, ascendancy. Moving to Cambridge, Attorney-General Dever ran for office of Representative on the Democratic platform and was decisively elected. Later, as a reward for his untiring efforts in behalf of the voters of Cambridge, he was re-elected to that office. This fact alone, so early in his political career, showed that the people recognized the sterling qualities and the ability of our Attorney-General. Then, in 1932, he graced the office of Attorney-General, placed there with supreme confidence by the voters of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Four years later, as you all know, he was successively re-elected, smothering his esteemed opponent, Mr. Forte, in a barrage of votes, sweeping into office on an amazing plurality. This victory was due chiefly to the fact that he had accomplished a history-making feat, balancing his budget in 1935.

His sincere advice to those with aspirations to success was, "Work, and then work some more. Never lose your sense of humor and never lose your sense of your own importance. If you don't take to one field of work, try another until you are satisfied."

This statement of the eminent Attorney-General can well be heeded, for this man certainly knows some of the secrets of success. His has been a hard, tough journey. Ordinarily, one faced with the Attorney-General's problems would throw in the towel, but not this gallant plugger. He tucked his chin away and led with his left, smashing his way through all impediments right up to the political and social limelight, a hard battle and a glorious victory.

During this interview Mr. Dever dropped a pearl of advice into my ear and I would like to pass it along. The Attorney-General said, "Make good friends, you benefit by the association of

those who work with you. In order to make good friends, BE a good friend." This maxim fits all phases of society and culture and is the wise saying of a wise

man. Boston Latin School is proud to point admiringly at Attorney-General Paul A. Dever as one of her graduates.

—*Frederick W. Richmond*, '40.

DOESN'T WANT TO BE ALONE

"Absolutely not! I'm positively no stooge! I regard myself as an actor, and that's all. But definitely not a stooge!" firmly proclaimed Bottle in his dressing-room at the "Met", where he was appearing with "Phil" Baker.

"A stooge is nothing more than a person who gets paid to be tossed around and receive all the blows. I don't think of my position in that light. And furthermore, I wish people would just regard me as an actor in the show rather than that human punching-bag called 'Stooge'," continued Harry McNaughton of "Bottle" fame.

From one-night stands to coast-to-coast tours we can trace the story of his success. Harry McNaughton began his career in an American theatre, where he was engaged for five nights, left in two, with his pay amounting to fifty cents.

"My father and mother were both celebrated Shakespearian actors in England. My brother who is a playwright, simply could not let the family tradition down and got me a part in a movie. It was there I met Mr. Baker. We were cast together in a short short called 'Poor Little Rich Boy', which turned out to be my gold mine; because after this, 'Phil' called me up and suggested that I join his act."

Your young reporter was surprised to hear that a "hit" name such as "Bottle" was not carefully, after long research, created.

"I was telling Mr. Baker to name me 'Bottling.' However, he missed the last part and mistook the first. So 'Bottle' it has remained."

Children are the most critical of all his fan letter-writers, thinks Bottle. They criticize the program pretty thoroughly and then add a P.S. of encouragement. As for all the wishful starlets, do not attempt to cultivate an accent or a type. "Because," advises Bottle, "any good actor can be any type at less than a second's notice. And if you young children are not good, develop your talents in other fields, and for no excuse let your school work suffer."

The Baker and Bottle success is simply a succession of accidents! At one rehearsal "Phil" Baker was telling a joke, which Harry McNaughton thought very poor. From the lips of Bottle came the birth of "Mr. Baker, not *that*!"

At first impressed by the blueness of his eyes, one is then impressed with his unaffected frankness. He openly admits that his English accent, although genuine, is exaggerated for effect. Too, he is an actor that doesn't want to get away from it all. To the question, "Do you find Bottle interfering with your private life?" Mr. McNaughton answered, "No, not at all. If I were not Bottle, I should probably miss all the fun of being in the limelight. And I do like that."

"We're working on a new phrase now which we plan to use very soon. It's to go something like this 'Oh, rather. But definitely.'"

By this time it was four o'clock, and with it came Harry McNaughton's tea. While drinking, he revealed to your reporter the latest American craze. Yes, you may now find four o'clock tea being served daily in many American offices

and classes.

The differences between the Americans and the English are rapidly disappearing. The English are even beginning to develop and enjoy the American quick wit. Mr. McNaughton no longer has to think of new jokes when in England. They can see the fun in the American.

As for Boston—"It's cozy, comfortable, and cordial."

Beetle, the mystery man of the air, is an unknown to all the Baker cast, even to Bottle.

Says Bottle of Beetle, "He's rather a

boring nuisance. And I certainly wish I knew him. If I could only get my hands on him!"

Bottle has not yet been on the screen, but he should like to be, because McNaughton has learned to know and love Bottle and would like this nation and the world to know and love well-meaning Bottle. And so Harry McNaughton, having come from "Hamlet" and starvation to Bottle and fame, then went onto the stage to pay the price.

—Earl Wedrow, '41.

DEAD END

I found Donald Sharpe, the leading boy actor in *Dead End*, at the stage door of the Colonial Theater. And now don't let any one say that boy actors are pampered, or any such thing. For Don is all boy, being 19 years old, five feet four, and 'okay' in other respects. There is always a faint smile going on his mouth. No wonder he was chosen as Tommy in *Dead End*. He is tremendously jolly.

Laughingly he told me about his newly acquired membership in the Charlestown Boys' Club. Says he, "The boys and I, . . . I mean the members of the cast, sure enjoy swimming and playing basketball; and we're all ardent football fans, too."

Then I asked, "How do you find time for these games when you're in the play?"

"Oh, we boys always find time," he answered, like a mischievous youngster.

"Just how were you selected for the part?"

"There were about 50 to 100 boys. We all had to read lines. By the process of elimination I finally won out. Of course, I wasn't the best; but I must've had something that other boys lacked."

"Now let's talk about you before you

became Tommy," suggested your young reporter.

"Before playing Tommy I was in several plays in which I appeared as a Chinese soldier and as a young Communist. The latter part was really amusing. I carried a red flag about and caused havoc in my mother's house.

I also directed some theatre groups, though nothing elaborate. After that I played in several productions, such as *Every Thursday*, *The Law Demands*, and a little theatre production of *Winterset*. That role I prized most highly. Personally I like being 'Tommy' best of all. He is really true to life. In 'Tommy' I can completely forget that I am playing before an audience. The lines live, and everything connected with the play is realistic. There is hardly any acting to do, except perhaps to remember that the scene ends at a given point."

Then he suggested that we go to his hotel and have a bite to eat. There we met T. B., the character suffering from tuberculosis in the play. And something I never knew before was revealed to me. Stage actors *do* eat onions; and like them too!

At the table they started arguing as to where they should sit at the ski meet. T. B. wanted to sit at the bottom of the jump and Donald wanted to sit at the top. They finally compromised by deciding to sit near the middle.

"And why not talk about the play?" I suggested to them.

"Oh, no," said T. B., "let's talk about the game."

"What game?"

"The basketball game we're going to have down at the Boys' Club. We've got our own team and everythin'. We're pretty good too!"

"And that's not the only game we're going to play," replied Tom. "We've also got a football team. Yep, that's pretty good too."

"Don't like swimming?" I asked.

"Sure we do. But we don't have to go to the club for that. The pool in "Dead End" gives us all the swimmin' we could possibly ask for. We can do swan dives and all other stunts."

"And can I do a jackknife!" interrupted T. B.

"So can I!" interrupted Don.

—*Earl Wedrow, '41.*

MY FIRST AND LAST DANCE

My first, and incidentally my last, dance was one which I shall long remember. It was only after much prompting on the part of my comrades, accompanied with the argument that I would have to dance some time, that I gave the matter serious thought. After acting the part of a wall-flower for a bit over an hour, I finally summoned enough courage to make my long-awaited debut.

To my surprise and consternation, the first girl whom I asked for the pleasure of a dance immediately accepted my invitation. With much inward quaking, I heard the orchestra strike up a lively tune. Having vague recollections of a few essentials. I had acquired as a spectator, I managed, by a superhuman effort, to start correctly.

From that time on, I underwent more torture than the ingenuity of the ancient Chinese could perpetrate. My feet were like leaden weights; at least, they must have felt so to my plucky partner. I

felt the icy stare of many an unsympathising couple as my graceful partner and awkward self careened across the floor. My mind was a kaleidoscope of various dance steps, which I recalled confusedly, but could not execute.

Dance, dance, dance, would the whirl never stop? Would the orchestra never cease playing that tune? At this point, Providence, in the form of another struggling young man, stepped in. He lightly tapped me on the shoulder. Forcing a Spartan-like smile to light my countenance, I surrendered my suffering partner to him.

There and then, as I heaved a sigh of infinite relief, did I decide that it was my last as well as my first high school dance. I would rather endure the punishment of one of "Joe" Louis' sparring partners than to undergo again the most excruciatingly painful of all pastimes—dancing.

—*Thomas A. Pursley '38.*



RAMBLINGS OF THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER



Jan. 12: A well-known B.L.S. student of great bulk walked into school and stamped the mud from his size twelves. Quoth a teacher: "Why do you wear skis in school?"

Jan. 13: Room 203 swung it (we mean the election of officers) at the Music Appreciation Club. . . . We are told that if anyone doesn't erase whatever writing he may find in his text-books, he will face the charge of cheating. "But sir . . . I didn't see it . . . I didn't do the home-lesson!"

Jan. 14: The Red Cross Club met . . . A Latin passage for competitive verse translation can be obtained from Mr. Gardner. Somebody is discovering that the Romans didn't do such a good job of it!

Jan. 15: We woke up in the midst of Public Declamation to find Frank vigorously impeaching Warren Hastings. It didn't sound original. Seems to us that Hastings was first impeached by Sheridan, 'way back when we were in the Sixth Class.

Jan. 18: Class One boys who get *Register* ads will receive 20% credit toward the extra dollars they are supposed to pay. But won't we soon begin to owe *them* money? . . . The Debating Club

debated whether or not to meet today, with the affirmative emerging victorious. . . . Assembly of Classes I and II, with college requirements explained. O-o-o-o-w . . . we feel sick!

Jan. 19: The doctor's signal was brought to our attention. Why don't they reverse its order, with two short and one long stroke? Often has its raucous clamor scared us out of our wits (?) during a test.

Jan. 20: We followed a trail of dimes up to Room 130, where the new Coin Club had convened the night before. Broken pieces of airplane motors formed a line to the room wherein the Math Club had taken up "plane sailing." . . . Frank fiddled around at the Music Appreciation Club. . . . When a boy gets his feet wet, he is not to go to the boiler-room for relief. And we always thought it was the Band, practicing early!

Jan. 21: The Camera Club was officially adjourned, because of a lack of attendance.

Jan. 22: Rain; no school. Grippe; no school. Whoopee; no school!

Jan. 25: Another episode in our busy life; occupied by our reporting, we failed to watch the clock, and thus were forced to join the oldest club in the school . . . the Detention Club!

Jan. 26: A re-election of officers at the Physics Club. Those chaps are never satisfied! . . . *Register* subscription deadline on the twenty-eighth.

Jan. 27: Have you ever wondered how, although nobody was told, we know that Mr. Bowker discovered a loft-triangle theorem on his desk? Heh-heh. The R.R.R. makes his own news!

Jan. 28: Today the schedule of bells for the lunch period was so reversed that the third floor goes to lunch first. The second floor is going down backwards so that the order may still be rigidly observed!

Jan. 29: Today the students of Girls' Latin held an operetta in our assembly hall. The R.R.R. spent several hours craning his neck, looking through the key-hole, until he remembered that he had bought a ticket.

Feb. 1: Today all boys wishing to see a performance of "As You Like It" were dismissed at the beginning of the sixth period. According to an official count, just two (2) boys were dismissed early. Alas! Poor Shakespeare!

Feb. 2: Of great importance; ye Math Club clubbed today.

Feb. 3: This was a red-letter day; report cards came out. (Who cares if you heard that one before?)

Feb. 4: The Camera Club clubbed, with Lerner frying his fingers on the arc lamp. (That is, after he was shown the electric-plug outlet.) . . . "Many brave hearts lie asleep in the deep, so, printer, beware!" Glaring typographical errors caused the recall of the February issue. Better luck next time!

Feb. 5: Stamp club meeting in Room 211, now known as the "Licker Exchange"

Feb. 6: The joke's on you! Today was Saturday!

Feb. 8: Members of the track team were requested not to go into the upper part of the building after practice. Remember, the Lord High Custodian is endowed with the ability to give misdemeanor marks.

Feb. 9: My, my, teachers' eyes are getting sharp! We can't fool them any more by going backwards up the down stairways!

Feb. 10: The snail-eaters convened at ye olde French Club. . . . Also the ivory-pushers at the Chess and Checker Club.

Feb. 11: Oh, woe! We stopped talking the instant the "five-of-nine" bell rang,

but got marked anyway; the teacher heard our echo! . . . Well, well! The days are getting longer, and so are homelessons. Go fight City Hall!

Feb. 12: Today's headline . . . a musical (?) voice in the corridor, singing: "Who's that coming down the walk, with his pockets full of chalk?" and if you can't guess the tune, we give up!

Feb. 15: A great Latin School graduate and headmaster was buried today . . . Supt. Patrick T. Campbell. We have lost a friend.

Feb. 16: Here is a "pome" inspired by the mournful faces of the little shavers:

—To the Sixth Class—

Oh, blessed are the days of yore;

What nifty marks we had!

Now, 'though we study as before,

. . . Forties are the fad.

Feb. 17: At the Latin Club, "Crime and Punishment in Ancient Rome" was discussed. X——, take heed! . . . We propose that teachers look intently at the wall from 12:06 to 12:20. (That'll just give us time.)

Feb. 18: The Camera Club decided to throw another movie-party. If they show "Oliver Twist" again, we will skuh-ream! . . . Here we found a concise synopsis of Cicero's works: "*Sum . . . ego, mei, mihi, me, me.*"

Feb. 19: Lincoln and Washington exercises, (Whew!) . . . This day was an evil one for us. Listen. Master: "I'm the only one talking here!" Voice: "Your mistake, sir!" How very funny! But we got marked for it.

Feb. 20—March 1: —VACATION—

Registri Furens Nuntius.

SUCCESS STORY.

"Mr. Burke?" The Young Man was apologetic. "I've come in answer to your advertisement in this morning's paper. You stated that you have an opening in your Sales Department."

Mr. Burke surveyed his prospective employee with a bored expression. He settled back in his seat and sighed resignedly. "All right, son. What are your qualifications?"

"If you'll pardon my saying so, I believe myself *well* qualified for the position," the Young Man hastily assured him.

Mr. Burke grunted doubtfully. The Young Man cleared his throat and began in a declamatory voice:

"I attended Boston Latin School and graduated with the highest honors. I entered Harvard on a scholarship and while there, I was Vice-President of the Debating Club, a four-letter man in sports, member of the editorial staff of the *Lampoon*, and President of my class."

Mr. Burke was impressed. "How about your personal habits?"

The Young Man was prepared. "I don't smoke, drink, or gamble; I get eight

hours' sleep every night; I belong to the 'Y' and spend at least two nights a week in the gym; and I walk at least five miles a day."

"Any references?"

"Oh, yes!" The Young Man produced his letters of recommendation. "This one is from Mr. J. Arthur Kennedy of the Granite Trust Reserve Bank, and this one from Mr. Vincent Russell, President of 'Investments, Incorporated'. There are also several others."

Mr. Burke nodded. Very much encouraged, the Young Man continued. "I honestly feel that I could do the job full justice and I hope that you will give me the opportunity and the honor of working for you."

He mopped his forehead and held his breath, all the while looking expectantly at Mr. Burke. After pondering the matter a moment, Mr. Burke, jumped lightly from the herring barrel that had served him as a seat, and replied doubtfully, "I *think* you'll do." Then, by way of instruction, "Report tomorrow morning at eight. You'll work the fish counter."

—D. J. Maness, '38.

ALUMNI

Paul Richard Keller, '36, has been pledged to the *Beta Theta Pi* Fraternity at Bowdoin College . . . Frederick Bloom, '36, is manager of the Intramural Team of the Hope College Club at Brown University . . . Burton Robinson, '35, was Assistant Business and Publicity Manager for the comedy, *Squaring the Circle*, presented by the Dramatic Society at Tufts College . . . Paul Philpot has been elected business manager of *The Jumbo*, the annual publication of the senior class of Tufts College . . . Max Edesess, '31, Robert H. Klamann, '32, Charles D. W. McQuaid, '24, and James W. Walsh, '29,

graduated from the Northeastern University School of Law last June . . . Frederick Bloom, '36, and Joseph S. Finklestein, '36, have been pledged to the *Pi Lambda Phi* Fraternity at Brown University . . . Arthur J. Quigley, '32, is making a name for himself at Northeastern University. He has been on the Dean's list for eighteen marking periods and is very active in extra-curricular affairs . . . Julian Katzeff has been elected Associate Editor of the Massachusetts State College weekly. He is also a member of the *Alpha Epsilon Phi* Fraternity.

—F. A. Regan, '37.

AN ITEM OF INTEREST

In these days of increasing taxation, it has often been pointed out that the average daily cost of supporting the public schools of the city of Boston is approximately \$3,000. Hence it would seem inopportune to recommend any additional expenditure at the present time. Nevertheless, it is the author's contention that it would be sounder economy to appropriate a comparatively small amount for the completion or maintenance of some school facility upon which a considerable sum has already been expended than to let this investment represent a total loss and wastage of the taxpayer's money.

A most painfully apparent example of this false economy is exemplified by the tremendous quantity of unutilized inkwell-holes in the city schools. Conservatively estimating the average inkwell-hole to represent a loss of ten cents in labor, power, wear-and-tear on machinery, depletion of natural resources, etc., it would not be unreasonable to consider the total value of unused inkwell-holes owned by the city of Boston to represent a loss of between \$500 and \$1,000. Of this amount at least \$200 is accounted for in the Latin School alone.

Therefore, there are herewith submitted several solutions to this problem which are considered most likely to promote the well-being of the Latin School student:

1. In past years, the clandestine nibbling of lunches by pupils during the Home-Room period has been the butt of mediocre *Register* quips and has been attended with considerable danger, due to the lack of facilities for observing the

master during these moments of stolen bliss. A cheaply constructed periscope protruding through the inkwell-hole would obviate these disadvantages.

2. A similar situation arises from the addiction of many students to overly aromatic lunches, conducive to the discomfort of others forced to use the desk during the morning. A compact chemical deodorizer would enable such students to pursue their work with greater diligence without the use of expensive gas-masks.

3. A small sun-ray lamp installed in each desk would replace the pallid scholar's complexion with the ruddy glow of the country lad.

4. For the student who has been forced to leave his house without eating breakfast because he has pursued his studies too far into the night, a supply of highly concentrated food tablets conveniently in the inkwell-hole will be found just the thing to stave off the pangs of hunger until lunch.

5. Of course, a small crystal set skillfully set into each desk would give the pupils the advantage of listening to educational and cultural programs as well as important baseball games (only during the lunch period of course).

6. Finally, a small metal or glass cup could be placed in each desk, and filled with a solution of ferrous tannate with a little blue or black dye. This solution would be used for writing.

**Editor's Note*—This reference of the author to himself in the third person is typical of long association with Caesar.

—Hyman J. Steinhurst, '37.



JOKES

She: I consider that sheep are the stupidest creatures.

He (absent-mindedly): Yes, my lamb.

"How old are you," once asked Whistler of a London newsboy. "Seven," was the reply. Whistler insisted that he must be older than that, and turning to his friend, remarked: "I don't think that he could get as dirty as that in seven years, do you?"

"Mother," asked the little girl, on the occasion of a number of guests being present at dinner, "will the dessert hurt me, or is there enough to go round?"

Little Brother: "What's etiquette?"

Big Brother: "It's saying no, thank you, when you want to holler 'Gimme'."

When Mark Twain came to Washington to try to get a decent copyright law passed, a representative took him out to Chevy Chase.

Teacher: At what speed does light travel?

Student: I don't know, sir, but it's pretty fast. It gets here far too soon in the morning.

Monthly Quiz: Why do they put so many holes in Swiss cheese when it's really Limburger that needs the ventilation?

Heard in the Music Appreciation Club:

"What was the motive in that selection you just heard?"

"It sounded like revenge."

Mark Twain refused to play golf himself, but he consented to walk over the course and watch the representative's strokes. The representative was rather a duffer. He sent large clouds of earth flying in all directions. Then he asked, "What do you think of our course here, Mr. Clemens?"

"Best I ever tasted," he said while wiping his lips off.

SCIENTOPIA

RHYTHMICAL RUMINATIONS:

Johnny was the chemist's son,
But Johnny is no more;
For what he thought was H₂O
Was H₂SO₄

A green little senior
One fine little day,
Mixed some mean little chemicals
In a green little way: . . .

Now the green little grasses
Tenderly wave
Over the green little senior's
Green little grave.

—Anonymous.

You mightn't think so:—

But a thorough scientific analysis of the human body reveals that chemically the average citizen is not worth much.

In fact, you could purchase the basic constituents of his "corpus" for the paltry sum of \$0.87. To be more specific, in the human body there is enough:

SULPHUR—to rid a dog of fleas.

CALCIUM—to whitewash a chicken-coop.

FAT—for 6 bars of soap.

IRON—for a 6-penny nail.

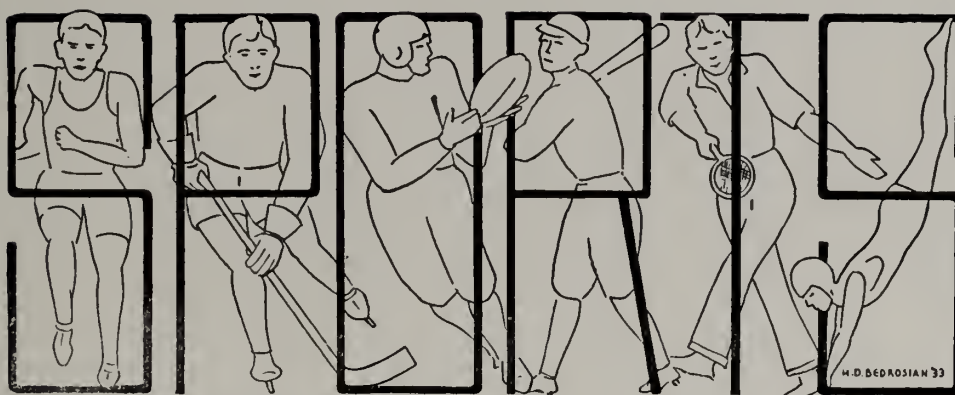
PHOSPHOROUS—for 20 boxes of matches.

SUGAR—for 10 cups of coffee.

POTASSIUM—for exploding a toy cannon.

(Also negligible amounts of other substances)

You who consider yourself superior, remember that your body is worth less than 7/8 of a dollar . . .



ROXBURY MEMORIAL VS.

Sporting only three first places, Latin's track team got off to a rather inauspicious start, scoring 67 points to R. M's 110 and Commerce's 46. The only B. L. S. winner in Class A was "Joe" Crowley in the "300," with "Tom" Murphy a close second. In the "600", however, "Johnnie" Hutcheson was just nosed out in the final stretch and finished second.

In Class B, "Eddie" Martin was beaten in the 30-yard dash by Wexler, captain of Memorial.

Most of Latin's points were garnered in Class C, when "Jim" Connolly and Walter Morris finished first and second in the "400". In all other events in this class at least one man placed for the Purple.

The third first place was accounted for by Harry Keefe, flash of Class D, in the "200." Keefe, only a sophomore, looms up as one of the best runners in the city and, in the course of the track season, ought to gather many a point.

THE QUADRANGULAR VICTORY

In a close, hard-fought meet, the Purple forces eked out a victory over Trade, with Commerce and Dorchester trailing in the distance. In the running events, Latin gained 79 points, Trade 70, Com-

merce 54, and Dorchester 20. The field events swelled the Latin total to 114½ points, and the other schools that of 101½, 89, and 50 points respectively.

In the Senior division, "Maury" Eastmond won the 300-yard run and John Hutcheson led the field in the "600." "Ronny" Cameron took a "second" in the hurdles, and John Casey finished in the same spot in the "1000", running a great race.

"Ed" Martin won by a nose in the "B" dash, and in the same division John Keefe and John Ferrara came in three-four in the "300", while "Stan" Backer and "Ed" Rowen captured second and third place respectively in the "600".

In Class "C", another Latin two-three finish was provided, with "Larry" Clement and "Tom" Kerrigan winding up in that order in the hurdles. Four more points were added when a couple of fellows named "Joe" Koufman and Gavin took second and fourth respectively in the dash. In the longer runs, "Jim" Connolly led the field in the "440", and Walter Donahue placed second in the "220".

The Purple runners in the pony division acquitted themselves with distinction, garnering over half of the points. "Firsts" were won by "Steve" Rowen in

the hurdles and Harry Keefe in the "220"; a "second," by "Bill" Coughlin in the "176"; and "fourths", by "Mal" Silverman in the hurdles and Irving Wolk in the "176". Latinites gained third place in each of the individual races in this class, with George Loukas taking the "show" position in the hurdles, Slattery in the dash, Frank in the "176", and Winkeller in the "220".

The relay races were very successful, with the "B" team finishing third and both the "C" and "D" teams winning their races.

The field events ended with honors rather evenly divided. "Dan" Dacey heaved the shot for a first place and "Bernie" Stein was runner-up in the broad jump for Class "A". These two events produced the Latin scoring in Class "B" also, as Mover, Myrer, and Dietz took places one, two, and four in the former, and "Bobby" Gross finished second and Lester Geist third in the latter.

Class "C" netted a lone $\frac{1}{2}$ point as Chicofsky tied for fourth in the high jump, but the youngsters of "D" came to the rescue. As in the two upper divisions, it was the broad jump and shot put that scored the points. Loukas, Ajemian, and Solana finished two, three, four in the jump, and Rowen's toss was good enough to win the put, with Jackson third.

M.A.—115, B.L.S.—67, TRADE—41

In a triangular meet with Mechanic Arts and Trade, the Purple and White track forces finished second behind the power-laden Mechanics team. The final tabulations read: Mechanic Arts, 115; Latin, 67; Trade, 41.

In Class D, where most of the points were quavered, "Dave" Slattery came in second in the dash, with Solano trailing. Lucas took third in the hurdles. The "176" had a decided purple tinge, as Leo

Frank, "Bill" Coughlin, and Wolk placed 1st, 2nd and 4th. The "220" boasted another Latin winner, as Harry Keefe took first, with Winkeller third.

The combined classes of C and B finished only one winner: "Eddie" Martin in the B dash. "Joe" Koufman took fourth in the other dash. Ralph Struziero copped third hurdles, closely followed by "Joe" Burke, while "Ed" Rowen was third in the 600, trailed by Backer. In the Class C "440" "Jimmy" Connolly and Morris also placed third and fourth.

Coming into the Senior division, we find Lee Stein and Cameron in the place and show positions in the hurdles, while the dash had two star backfield men in Bjorklund and Keyes, third and fourth. "Joe" Crowley ran up against his old nemesis, Maze of Mechanics, and had to be content with second in the "300" with his teammate, "Tom" Murphy, behind him. Hutcheson made a second in the "600", while Casey and "Jack" Wallace were third and fourth, respectively, in the "1000".

ENGLISH AGAIN

English's usual powerful, well-balanced team proved too strong for a far weaker Latin School outfit, and, more than doubling its opponent's score, won the contest 142-65. Latin succeeded in capturing only three first places, and in gaining a majority of the points in only two races. The Blue, on the other hand, made a clean sweep of the Class "C" dash.

"Joe" Crowley won the "A 300" in a close race, "Ed" Martin captured the "B" dash, and the "D" relay team of Dave Slattery, "Bill" Coughlin, Leo Frank, and Harry Keefe, overcoming an early English lead, finally downed its rival in a thrilling contest. With the exception of these events, "Bill" Ohrenberger's charges won every contest.

In Class "A", Stein and Cameron placed two-three in the hurdles. Eastmond took second and Bjorklund fourth in the dash. "Johnny" Casey, after setting the pace most of the way in the "1000", had to be content with a "second", and Hutcheson finished in the same spot in the "600", providing one of the most exciting races of the afternoon.

John Keefe just missed breaking the tape in the "B 300", and Lester Geist gained fourth place in the same event. "Joe" Burke took third in the hurdles, and Captain Wallace and "Stan" Backer wound up the "600" in third and fourth positions, respectively.

Class "C" was a rout for English, with the Blue taking 40 of the 49 points. The Purple scores came on a "second" by Donahue in the "220", "thirds" by Chicosky in the hurdles and Morris in the "440", and "fourths" by Clement in the hurdles and Lapka in the "220".

Class "D" was much closer. Rowen and Loukas finished two-three in the hurdles, and Slattery took third in the dash. In the longer runs, we find Coughlin, Frank, and Ellis finishing in that order behind the winner, in the "176", and Harry Keefe coming in second and "Herb" Winkeller fourth in the "220". The relay team won its race, as already mentioned.

CHATting WITH CRONIN

"Play Ball"—the clarion call of baseball—will soon again be wafted into the smoke-filled air by the "boys in blue"; in other words, the baseball season is near at hand. Already, ambitious rookies are outdoing themselves to wrest berths from the more careful veterans, who are probably trying to teach the youngsters to play better than they themselves.

Few cities in baseball outdo Boston in enthusiasm for their teams. Last year, the pennant chances of the Red Sox supplanted the weather as the most popular theme of conversation; and this year, although disappointed by last year's collapse, Rufus Rooter of Boston is looking forward to a great year from not one club, but, indeed, two. The two people in Boston who are best qualified to discuss pennant possibilities are "Joe" Cronin and "Bob" Quinn. Let's hear what they had to say a couple of weeks ago about their respective clubs.

"Hello, J—ah—Mr. Cronin; I'm Sullivan from the Latin School *Register*. Could I—that is—would you mind answering a few questions for my paper?"

"No, not a bit, Sully; come on in the back room and meet a few of your brothers (reporters) then I'll be glad to answer anything."

His cheery informality put me at ease a bit, and he introduced me to "Phil" Troy, secretary of the club; "Tom" Daly, coach; and "Mel" Webb, Sporting Editor of the Globe and an illustrious alumnus of B.L.S. (ask "Pop"; maybe he remembers "Mel").

"First of all, do you think the Sox will win the pennant?"

"Well, every manager at some time or other thinks he'll be in the race, and I think we've got as good a chance as anybody. New York will again be the team to beat; but Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago, and Washington all have good outfits—in fact, the race this year will be the tightest in a long time."

"How many positions on the Sox are filled at present?"

"Rick Ferrell, Foxx, McNair, and Cramer are the only ones sure of their jobs outside of the nucleus of the pitching staff,—Grove, Ferrell, Marcum, Oster-

mueller, and Jack Wilson. There'll be a great fight for the remainder of the berths on the chucking squad.—Walberg, Russell, McKain, Henry, and Dickman have the best chance to stay in big time."

"How does your thumb work into the infield situation, Joe?"

"If my thumb is O. K., and I think it is, I'll have to fight it out with Higgins, Melillo, Doerr and Kroner for the 2nd and 3rd base slots."

"Counting Babe Dahlgren with the men you named, there are eight infielders on your squad. Who'll be cut?"

"I can't say yet, but Babe will probably go. He's a good player, but Jimmy Foxx is a fixture at first. The training camp results will determine those who'll go for further seasoning."

"The outfield's pretty weak. Will it be strengthened?"

We're depending on Mills and Gaffke to come through, and Mel Almada is a lot better ballplayer than last year's averages indicate. Rog Cramer is a great player, and he'll bat .330 at least this year. Possibly we'll be able to strengthen the garden before April 20."

"You have a good number of catchers this year. Who'll be Rick's assistant?"

"Moe Berg, and Peacock or Desautels will probably handle the extra duty catching."

"Then Moe will not be with Brooklyn next year?"

"No. Moe's a great man and a wonderful influence on the team. Desautels and Peacock both have very good minor league records, and our catching department will be the strongest in the league this year."

"I guess that covers everything, Joe; and thank you very much. I see Cy Perkins waiting out there to talk about the American League movie, *Heads Up Baseball*; so I'll push along."

"Yes, I am pretty busy, but I'm glad to answer questions any time. You're

from B.L.S.; h-m-m. That's where Buddy McLaughlin comes from, isn't it?"

"YES, SIR!"

"Do you play ball yourself, Sully?"

"I try to pitch and play first base, but some call my playing just base."

"Left-handed? Yeah, I thought so, you have that left-handed look about you." (Another way of saying you look a little "whacky").

With this parting shot, I bid a fond farewell to the witty Mr. Cronin; "Tom" Daly and "Hughie" Duffy roused themselves from a tooth-and-nail checker game long enough to bid adieu.

'Nuff said about the Sox.

Farther up Commonwealth Avenue is the Beehive, where "King Bee" Quinn holds sway. The first swarm ended in sixth place, and this year's will end a notch or two higher in spite of the strength of last year's first division outfits. No man deserves luck any more than "Bob" Quinn, and everyone is hoping that this, the 1937 edition of the Bees, will prove to be the best since memorable 1914. Bob himself will tell you what he thinks of his team.

"Mr. Quinn, what do you think of the Bees as a whole?"

"The team has great possibilities; whether or not these will be developed remains to be seen. I believe we have a crop of future stars in Fette, Turner, Hutchinson, Weir, Mayo, Frazier, DiMaggio, McGowan, and Fletcher. Some of these fellows are quite old to be rookies, but what counts is the ability of the player, not so much his age. If an older player is better than a somewhat younger player, take the older, by all means."

"Would you mind running over the divisions of the team and point out the strong and the weak spots?"

"To begin with, we have the best catcher in the League, Al Lopez. The reserves are rather weak, but Mueller is

a good receiver and has the makings of a good hitter. We also have three or four youngsters about whom I don't know much, yet.

"Our pitching staff should be the best in the league. Guy Bush, I think, is about to stage a comeback, but the only starter sure of his job is Danny McFayden, a heady pitcher. There are several new fellows who have chances to cop starting berths. Fette, Turner, and Frazier all come with good records, but what is more important, with good recommendations from scouts. Hutchinson is claimed by a good many to be the best of the whole bunch. Bill Harris and Truett Sewell will be good relief men, Harris particularly. Bill Perrin, a southpaw, also has the makings of a star if he will only put his mind on baseball and not try so hard to emulate Dizzy Dean. Of course, more is known about Weir than any of the others inasmuch as he pitched a few good games late last season, but he still must be considered a rookie; no pitcher can be judged by seven games."

"Bob, before you start on the infield, can you tell me what you plan to do with Jordan?"

"I just got his contract back this morning—unsigned. He wants a 50% increase in salary, claiming that he had a wonderful year last year, but he forgets the year he had two years ago and the fact that he received no cut in pay last year. His contract is in that safe over there, and it's going to stay there until he calls for it. I'll not give him a penny more. It's doubtful whether he'll be a regular, anyway. Elbie Fletcher had a wonderful year with Buffalo, and he has begun to look at the game in a more sensible light. McGowan was Elbie's roomie last year, and Frank taught the kid plenty.

"Second base and shortstop are definitely filled. Cuccinello and Warstler

make the best double play combination in the league, and this sure won't be broken up. Third base is our big weak spot now; in fact, that's been the Bee's weakness since Tony Boeckel was here about a decade ago. However, Eddie Mayo is young and he received no show with the Giants last year; I look for him to be a fixture. Two good extra infielders would also help a lot, as Urbanski's days are numbered. As I said before, Elbie Fletcher, if he shows continued improvement will be the first baseman. He has few equals as a fielder, and if he will only show the right spirit, he will become a great player; certainly he'll get plenty of chance.

"Our outfield will be greatly improved also. Bill McKecknie is thinking of moving Moore to center, but that's something that will have to be decided on the field, not on paper. At any rate, Moore and Berger seem sure of berths, and at present McGowan has the edge for the other position; incidently, he's a great center-fielder. Of course, competition will be hot for the other slot, DiMaggio and Garms have all kinds of good reports said about them. Lefty O'Doul says that Vince can outdo his brother Joe in everything but hitting, and if he can do that, he must be good. Garms was a star in the Texas League, and that league has given the majors some real stars, Medwick and Martin of the Cardinals, for instance. Not much is known about Mosolf, but he may turn out to be the best of the lot; you never can tell.

"I am quite confident we'll have a good team, and I am positive we'll have an interesting team to watch. There's no room for deadheads on our team; hustle is our theme."

"Well, that's fine, Bob; just one more question, if I may—How is the Bees' system of farms coming along?"

"At present we own two teams—McKeesport and Columbia; but my son is

down attending a meeting of men interested in obtaining charters in a North Carolina State League. We might place a club in the league, and this will be in conjunction with our farm at Columbia, S.C."

Just then Scout Jack Onslow came in to sign some important papers, so I retired from the scene after thanking "Bob" for his time and words.

I said a few phrases back that no man deserved luck any more than "Bob"

Quinn; but certainly there is one other who deserves his share of it: that man is "Tom" Yawkey, owner of the Red Sox, a great sport, a generous leader, and a game loser.

The season starts soon, and with the dawn of the new season Boston fandom is sure to see stronger teams at both parks, reminiscent of the years from 1912 to 1918, when Boston teams were always at or near the top.

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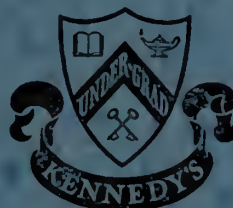
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